

steady order, and the rearguard was frequently hailed by the leader. Nothing happened, and when day broke we were in open russet country, among low, formless gravelly hills, with the striking range of rocky mountains which hems in Khuramabad in front, under a hazy sky.

Later, fording the Kashgan, I got upon the Burujird caravan road, along which are telegraph poles, and on which there was much caravan traffic. Eecrossing the Kashgan, but this time by a good two-arched bridge of brick on stone piers, the Tafta Kuh came in sight, and Khuramabad with its green gardens, its walls of precipitous mountains, and its ruined fort on an isolated and most picturesque rock in the centre of the town—a very striking view.

Khuramabad, before the fourteenth century, was called Diz Siyah, or the black fort, and was the capital of the Atabegs, the powerful kings who reigned in Luri-Kushuk from A.D. 1155 to about A.D. 1600. Sir H. Eawlinson does not regard any of its remains as earlier than the eleventh or twelfth century.

The camps are outside the town, on a stretch of burning gravel, with some scorched pasture beyond it, on which are Ilyat camps, then there are divers ranges of blackish and reddish mountains, with pale splashes of scorched herbage when there is any at all. Behind my tent are a clump of willows, an irrigating stream, large gardens full of fruit trees and melons, and legions of mosquitos.

Circumstances have changed, and the  
surroundings  
now belong to the showy civilisation of  
Persia. As I  
was lying under the trees, quite " knocked  
up " by the  
long and fatiguing night\* march and the  
great heat, I  
heard fluent French being spoken with a  
good accent.  
The *Hakim* of the Governor had called.  
Cavalcades of  
Persians on showy horses gaily caparisoned  
dashed past